

THE BOSTON FOREIGN EXHIBITION, 1883.

On January 1st, 1884, at 8 P. M., the medals and diplomas as awarded to exhibitors were publicly distributed. The meeting was held in Washington Hall, and was called together by Col. J. W. Wolcott, one of the Directors of the Association, in the unavoidable absence of the President. The Secretary, General Norton, a member of the Committee on Awards, then addressed the exhibitors as follows:—"Gentlemen, it is my pleasant duty for the first time since the Foreign Exhibition opened to speak to you collectively. We have now reached that period in the progress of this exhibition which denotes its end. It is a gratifying thing to myself, as it must be to all of you, that during its progress we have been spared many of the disagreeable occurrences that have happened in connection with other exhibitions. There has been, I am happy to state, a unanimous and a generous consideration on the part of the exhibitors and officials that has been to me a great pleasure. Before arriving at the distribution of the awards I wish to take this opportunity to make a few remarks in reference not only to this exhibition but its progress.

As you are well aware, the city of Boston was selected for this exhibition because it was believed by those who organized it that there was no city in the United States where the arts, as applied to industry, would be so appreciated. To a certain extent, we have been disappointed. During the progress of the exhibition we have had in the neighborhood of 300,000 visitors. Of that number, so far as we are able to judge, four-fifths came from outside of the city of Boston, and it is believed that not 5 per cent. of the population of this city have visited the exhibition. It is their loss.

It is due to the exhibitors to express to them the thanks of the association and of the board of directors for the admirable manner in which everything in connection with the exhibition has been conducted. I also desire to take this opportunity to thank the board of directors and the officials connected with the exhibition for the aid rendered to the exhibitors and the recognition on the part of the exhibitors of the general willingness to be of service. We also desire to thank the police, who have invariably rendered efficient service and conducted themselves as old soldiers always do. The officials from foreign countries who have been brought together through your aid also deserve special thanks. A committee was formed for the purpose of examining so far as was possible such exhibits as would seem to warrant the presentation of medals and diplomas. Every exhibitor to whom an award is given will receive a diploma and a medal. The medal is in the shape of a decoration and has never before been represented in any other exhibition. The diploma is a very simple one, but it makes the statement which is necessary in reference to the exhibits. So far as is possible I shall follow the catalogue in awarding the diplomas and medals. I regret exceedingly the absence of General Francis A. Walker, the chairman of our committee, who I am confident would by his eloquence add to the success of the occasion. So far as I am able I will call the parties who are to receive the awards. In many cases the exhibitors are represented by the consuls of their various countries, or commissioners appointed by the same. In each case I shall take a receipt from the parties present for the awards and diplomas.

The first nation on our list is Italy, and the first award is made to his Majesty King Umberto I, for his courteous and thoughtful kindness in recognizing this exhibition by the donation of his bust in marble. To Mr. James Jackson Jarves, our commissioner to Italy, I have the pleasure of handing the next award, as some small return for his services and also as a recognition of the great additional attraction to this exhibition of the gallery of retrospective art, which in itself and alone has been admitted by our best judges to be worthy of special attention."

The Secretary then proceeded to address the exhibitors to whom awards were to be made, and dwelt at length on the interest shown by

the crowned heads of Europe, the Rajahs of the East Indies, their Majesties King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani and the various commissioners throughout the world.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

The following is taken from one of a series of articles on monetary matters appearing in the *Mining Record*:

"The substitution of Government paper for bank notes has been rapid during the past week and month. Last week the deposit of bonds as security for bank circulation decreased \$753,900, and since November 30th the decrease has been \$3,269,300. The amount of money on deposit in the Treasury for the redemption of the notes of reducing or liquidating banks has increased over \$3,000,000 during the month, whereas the whole amount of cash in the Treasury for all purposes has increased only \$3,808,124. But against this very moderate increase of \$800,000 in the cash not in the trust funds, we have during the month an increase of \$12,922,730 in paper promises outstanding, \$4,064,870 in gold certificates, while the legal-tender certificates have slightly increased."

—N. Y. Tribune.

Although the author of the weekly insanities of the New York Tribune uttered under the heading of "Money and Business" cannot be regarded as of a "sane and sound mind," the tripod from which they are uttered give them such weight with the business men of our city—generally too busy to detect their real character—that we must once again trench upon our space in order to comment upon the altogether characteristic paragraph above cited. In the first place the "bank notes" referred to as having been withdrawn and necessarily replaced by "Government paper," to the prejudice of sound finance, as the Tribune writer fancies, is essentially as much "Government paper-promises" as are gold and silver certificates, the issue of which is so fanatically deprecated by the Tribune. There is this distinction, however, that while the Government may at its pleasure redeem these withdrawn "bank notes" in other paper promises to pay—that is greenback treasury notes—gold certificates can only be redeemed in gold except at the pleasure of the holder, and the silver certificates are only redeemable in standard dollars. In other words the gold certificates added to the currency of the country to the amount of \$4,064,870 since the 1st December, 1883, cannot be characterized as "paper promises" any more than a certified check could be so termed with the least regard to accuracy of statement. Moreover, they possess a material money virtue or advantage as a circulating medium which does not attach to the withdrawn so-called bank notes—they are receivable in payment at par for duties on imports. Further and above all, they are sure of being paid in gold on presentation at the Treasury or its branches.

As for the \$7,867,860 added to the outstanding silver certificates since the end of last month, they are redeemable in hard money at the Treasury or its branches; in hard money the value of which is made apparent to all save the lunatics who write on financial subjects for Eastern daily and financial journals by the one fact that of the \$219,014,739 of gold in the Treasury on the 31st of December, 1883, fifty odd millions of dollars of it had accrued at the Sub-Treasury office here in New York in exchange at

par for orders for silver certificates to be issued by the Sub-Treasurers in New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. That such a fact demonstrates that the standard dollars are at par with gold in the country, here in New York as elsewhere, only a fool will venture to deny. Moreover, these aforesaid silver certificates, as well as their gold peers, possess a monetary virtue or advantage as a circulating medium over these withdrawn bank notes, for they are receivable for custom dues as well as for all other public dues and taxes. * * *

While the amount of silver certificates outstanding may have been added to as much even as \$8,741,510 during December, or \$24,006,000 since the 1st of last July, the Government owned but 27,269,937 standard dollars on the 31st December 1883, or 7,000,000 less than on the 30th November, and 12,000,000 less than on the 30th of last June.

THE STORY-TELLER.

LITTLE WHITE SOULS.

By Florence Marryat.

AUTHOR OF "FIGHTING THE AIR," "LOVE'S CONFLICT," ETC., ETC.

(Continued.)

"Business!" repeats Mrs. Dunstan emphatically, and as soon as his back is turned she is searching his suit of drill. Colonel Dunstan has not been careful to conceal or to destroy the note he received at dinner. It is still in his waistcoat pocket. His wife tears it open and reads:—

"Dear Colonel.—Do come over this evening if possible. I have had another letter which you must see. I depend upon you for everything. You are the only friend in the world. Pray don't fail me.—Ever yours gratefully, Cissy Lawless."

"Cat!" cries Mrs. Dunstan indignantly, "deceitful, fawning, hypocritical cat! This is the way she gets over the men—pretending to each one that he is the only friend she has in the world—a married woman, too! It's disgusting! Miss MacQuirk is quite right, and someone ought to tell poor Jack Lawless of the way she is carrying on. And Charlie is as bad as she is! It was only to-day he told me as bold as brass that that creature's eyes are so innocent and guileless-looking they reminded him of little Katie's—and not ten minutes afterwards, he said my new bonnet from England was a fright and made me look as yellow as a guinea. O! what is this world coming to, and where will such wickedness end?" I wish that I was dead and buried with poor mamma. And so Mrs. Dunstan cries herself to sleep and when her husband comes home and kisses her fondly as she lays upon the pillow, he decides that she is feverish and has not been looking well lately and must require change, and remains awake for some time thinking how he can best arrange to let her have it.

In the middle of that night, however, something occurs to occupy the minds of both father and mother to the exclusion of everything else. Little Katie, their only child, a beautiful girl of three years old, is taken suddenly and dangerously ill with one of those violent disorders that annually decimate our British possessions in the east. The whole household is roused—Dr. McQuirk summoned from his bed—and for some hours the parents hang in mental terror over the baby's cot, fearing every minute lest their treasure should

be taken from them. But the crisis passes. Little Katie is weak but out of danger, and then the consideration arises what is the best thing to facilitate her discovery. Dr. McQuirk lets a day or two pass to allow the child to gain a little strength, and then he tells the colonel emphatically that she must be sent away at once—to England if possible—or he will not answer for her life. This announcement is a sad blow to Colonel Dunstan, but he knows it is imperative, and prepares to break the news to his wife.

"Ethel, my dear, I am sorry to tell you that McQuirk considers it quite necessary that Katie should leave Mudlianah for change of air, and he wishes her, if possible, to go to England at once."

"But it is 'not' possible, Charlie. We could never consent to send the child home alone, and you cannot get leave again so soon. Surely it is not absolutely necessary she should go to England."

"Not absolutely necessary, perhaps, but very advisable, not only for Katie but for yourself. You are not looking at all well, Ethel. Your dispirited appearance worries me sadly, and in your condition you should take every care of yourself. I hardly like to make the proposal to you, but if you would like to consent to take Katie home to your sisters', say for a twelve-month, I think it would do your own health a great deal of good."

But Colonel Dunstan's allusion to her want of spirits has recalled all her jealousy of Mrs. Lawless to Ethel's mind, and the journey to England finds no favor in her eyes.

"You want me to go away for a twelve-month," she says sharply, "and pray what is to become of you meanwhile?"

"I must stay here. You know I cannot leave India."

"You stay with Mrs.——, I mean with the regiment—whilst I go home with the child."

"Yes. What else can I do?"

"Then I shall 'not' go. I refuse to leave you."

"Not even for Katie's sake?"

"We will take her somewhere else. There are plenty of places in India where we can go for change of air. And if you 'cared' for me, Charlie, you would never contemplate such a thing as a whole year's separation."

"Do you think I 'like' the idea, Ethel? What should I do left here by myself? I only proposed it for your sake and the child's."

"I will not go," repeats Mrs. Dunstan, firmly, and she sends for Dr. McQuirk and has a long talk with him.

"Dr. McQuirk! is it an absolute necessity that Katie should go to England?"

"Not an absolute necessity, my dear lady, but from a medical point of view, advisable. And your own health also."

"Bother my health!" she cries irreverently. "What is the nearest place I could take the child for change?"

"You might take her to the heels, Mrs. Doonstan—to the Heels of Mandalinati, which are very salubrious at this time of the year!"

"And how far off are they?"

"A matter of a couple of hundred of miles. Ye canna get houses there, but there is a cairn-tle on the broo' o' the heel that ye have for the airsking."

"A castle—that sounds most romantic? And whom must we ask, doctor?"

"The cairn-tle is the property of Raja Mati Singh, and he beel't it for is ain plee-sure, but he doesna'

keer to leave there, and so he will lend it to any Europeans who weesh for a change to the Heels of Mandalinati."

"Raja Mati Singh! That horrid man! There will be no chance of seeing him, will there?"

"Na! na! Mrs. Doonstan! the rajah will not trouble ye! He never goes near the cairn-tle noo, and ye will have the whole place to yer-self in peace and quietude."

"I will speak to the colonel about it directly he comes in. Thank you for your information, Dr. McQuirk. If we must leave Mudlianah I shall be delighted to stay for a while at this romantic castle at the brow of the hill."

"Yes!" she says to herself when the doctor is gone, "we shall be alone there, I and my Charlie, and it will seem like the dear old honeymoon time, before we came to live amongst these horrid flirting cats of women, and perhaps some of the old memories will come back to him there, and we shall be happy, foolish lovers again, as we used to be long ago before I was so miserable!"

But when Colonel Dunstan hears of the proposed visit to the Mandalinati Hills, he does not seem to approve of it half as much as he did of the voyage to England.

"I am not at all sure if the climate will suit you or the child," he says, "it is sometimes very raw and misty upon those hills. And then it is very wild and lonely. I know the castle McQuirk means—a great straggling building standing by itself, and in a most exposed position. I really think you will be much wiser to go to England, Ethel."

"O, Charlie! how unkind of you, and when you know the separation will kill me!"

"It would be harder, just at first, but I feel our trouble would be repaid. But I shall always be in a fidget about you at Mandalinati."

"But Charlie, what harm can happen when you are with us?"

"My dear girl, I can't go with you to the castle."

"Why not?"

"Because business will detain me here. How do you suppose I can leave the regiment?"

"But you will come up very often to see us—every week at least, won't you Charlie?"

"On a four days' journey! Ethel, my dear, be reasonable. If you go to Mandalinati the most I can promise is to get a fortnight's leave after a time and run up to see how you and the dear child are getting on. But I don't like your going, and I tell you so plainly. Suppose you are taken ill before your time, or Katie has another attack, how are you to get assistance upon those beastly hills? Think better of it, Ethel, and decide on England. If you go, Captain Lewis says he will send his wife at the same time, and you would be nice company for each other on your way home."

"Mrs. Lewis, indeed! an empty headed noodle! Why she would drive me crazy before we were half-way there. No, Charlie, I am quite decided. If 'you' cannot accompany me to England, I refuse to go. I shall get the loan of the castle and try what four weeks there will do for the child."

(To be continued.)

Stale buns may be made to taste as nicely as when fresh if they are dipped for a moment or so in cold water and then put in a hot oven for five or ten minutes. They will turn out as light and crisp as when first baked.

When one has had a bad fever, and the hair is falling off, take a teacup of sage, steep it in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.